

EXCHANGE
WARE AT THE
SECOND HAND,

VIZ.

Band, Ruffe, and Cuffe,
lately out, and now newly
dearned vp.

OR

A DIALOGVE, ACTED
IN A SHEW IN THE
famous Vniuersitie of
CAMBRIDGE.

The second Edition.



LONDON,

Printed by *W. Stansby* for *Myles Partrich*, and are to
be sold at his shop neere *Saint Dunstons*
Church-yard in *Fleetstreet*.

1615.

960



R VFFE, C VFFE,
AND BANDS COM-
PLAINT AGAINST
THE PRINTER.

W^Hen th' Printer read the copy of our *lawes*
He *attacht* vs streight as authors of some
And like a *Iudge* th'arraignment did begin, (*warrs*:
With *guiltie* (*yea or no*) of such like sin.
We that had *words*, yet knew not how to *crie*,
Not guiltie, Sir, *condemned* were to die:
And since in *silence* thus our plea did rest,
According to the lawe hee'd haue vs *prest*.



THE OWNERS
APPEALE FROM M.
PRINTER HIS FALSE
IUDGEMENT.

P Rinter, you are mistaken in their *fault*, (naught,
And though he sweares, that *Band, Cuffe, Ruffe* are
Yet thus the cause hee'd haue you vnderstand,
He was *bewitch't* by this same *Cuffe, Ruffe, Band*.
To doe him *Iustice*; then he doth desire,
Condemne this *Ruffe, Cuffe, Band*, vnto the fire.
So shall you see your *Iudgement* will proue right,
And so their *faults* shall sooner come to *light*.

at the second hand.

A *Furie* of *Seamsters*, and their ver-
dit vpon *Band*, *Ruffe*, and *Cuffe*.

I.

I View'd my *wares*, and found *Bands case* was good,
And *Ruffe* and *Cuffe*, if rightly vnderstood.
The fault the *Printers* was; for he mistooke,
And made a writ of *Error* in the *booke*.

M. Pus.

2.

L Et *Iudgement* trie to whom the *faults* belong,
T wil say, the *Printer* did *Ruffe*, *Cuffe*, *Band* wrong.

M. T.

3.

I See no *fault* for which I *iudge* it meet,
That *Ruffe*, *Cuffe*, *Band* should here stand in a sheet.

M. A.

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⁴
THe work's well *view'd*, each man in it doth pry,
It cannot scape the very *Needles eye*:
Yet this be sure, it ought had beene o'reslipt,
The *fault* by me should not haue scap't *unript*.

M. H.

⁵
NOr for to *cleare* you, *Ruffe, Cuffe, Band*, come I
Hither to th'*T earme*: but rather here to buy
A prohibition for to make no more,
Lest by this *art*, we *Scampsters* grow but poore.

M. L.

⁶
M^Y *verdis*'s this, The *accuser* is in *fault*:
To picke a *hole* in *Ruffe, Cuffe, Band*, 'tis naught.

M. O.

The

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^{7.}
They *prasse Ruffe, Cuffe, & Band* (what reason is't)
And yet desire, they still should stand in *print*.

M. B.

^{8.}
Thinke not your *face* so good, as need no *band*:
Dare not to *spoil* great *Ruffe*; set not your *hand*,
Cuffe to disgrace. All *Linnen* els will take
Vp armes for *Ruffe*, and *Cuffe*, and *Band*, and make
Their enemies like *Friers*, *wool-wad* to lie,
Or *weare* a *Disbelout*, yet afore they die.

M. H.

^{9.}
THe faults in *Ruffe, Cuffe, Band*, are whose, doe you
thinke?
The *Printers*? I. He spoild them with his *Inke*.

M. I.

B

What

Exchange Wares

10.

WHat though the *Printer Ruffe, Cuffe, Band*
hath stay'd?
He get it forth, or else let me be blam'd.
For all his blacke *soule* fingers neuer feare,
But that the *Landresse* she can make them cleare.

M. D.

IF this *Ruffe, Cuffe, and Band* condemned are,
Wee looke vnto the *Linnen*, that we wear.
Did you desire good *Ware*, you'd rather plead,
The owner sure hath *spunne* a goodly thread.

M. D.

12.

WHē *Cuffe* at the *Barre* is forst to hold his *band*,
And there condemned is with *Ruffe & Band*,
You that can see in them there's such defects,
High time it is to looke vnto your *necks*.

M. E.

The

at the second hand.

The Owners desire.

THe *fautes* that may in *Ruffe*, *Cuffe*, *Band* be nam'd;
Will surely make the *Owner* more then blam'd;
You will *condemne* him for what he mistooke:
Yet still he craues, you'd let him haue *his booke*.

M. Stitchwels sentence.

THe Printer seekes some way to bring about,
That he the *second* time might *set Ruffe* out,
With *Cuffe* and *Band*. The *Owner* doth begin
To seek some way, that he may *call them in*.
Thus to please both, & grant them their request,
My *sentence* is, The *Booke* shall be *repress*.

Vpon the second Edition.

BAnd, *Ruffe* and *Cuffe*, at first so well did goe
Through *Stitch*, as nought might added be therto.

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Yet in my mind they now seeme well enrich't,
Since by the Printer, they haue bene *double stitche*.

M. Burse.

WAre ne're the worse for *wearing*? 'twas much
afore.

But now *new washt and starcht*, 'tis thus much more.
You'll not lose *tweluespence* by it (marke what you
weare it and *use* it, as long as ere you liue. giue)

M. Exchange.

To the Cheapner.

DOe you heare, Sir? one word more:
Pray let me know,

What is the vtmost *farthing* youle bestow?

To *sell* at such a *rate*, there's none can liue.

But since no more y're minded for to giue,

Harke in your care (I hope you'll not reueale it)

It *cost* me so, or I in trouth did *steale* it.



A
Merrie Dialogue
betweene
BAND, CVFFE, and
RVFFE.

ACTORS.
Band, Cuffe and Ruffe.

Enter BAND and CVFFE.

Band. CVFFE, where art thou?
Cuffe. Heere at *band.*

ENTER RVFFE.

Ruffe. W Here is this *Cuffe*?
Cuffe. Almost at your Elbow.

B 3

Ruffe.

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Ruffe. O H *Band*, art thou there? I thought thou haddest beene *worne* out of date by this time, or *shrunke* in the *wetting* at least.

Band. What? doe you thinke I am afraid of your great words? no, you shall know that there be men of *fashion* in place, as well as your selfe.

Cuffe. Good *Band*, doe not fret so.

Band. A scurvie *shag-ragge* Gentleman, new come out of the *North*, a *Punie*, a *Freshman*, come vp hither to learne *fashions* and seeke to expell me?

Cuffe. Nay: if you bee so *broad* with him, *Band*, we shall haue a *fray* presently.

He instles B. and C. stayes you. *Ruffe.* Sir, Ile pull downe your *Coller* from him.

Cuffe. It was fit time for mee to stay you vp, for I am sure you were a *falling* *Band*.

Ruffe. Well, *Band*, for all you are so *stiffe*, Ile make you *limber* enough before I haue done with you.

Band. No, *Hodge Poker*, its more then you can doe.

Ruffe. Sfoot, let me come to him: well, *Band*, let mee catch you in another place, and I will make *cut-worke* of you.

Band. Ther's ne're a *Spanish Ruffe* of you all can doe it.

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Cuffe. Sfoot, if these two should goe together by the eares and hurt one another, *Cuffe* would be in a fine *plight*: would he not?

Ruffe. Well, *Band*, looke to thy selfe, for if I meet thee, I will *lace* thee *roundly*.

Band. *Lace* me? thou wouldst be *laced* thy selfe, *Ruffe*: for this is the very truth, thou art a *plaine* Knaue.

Cuffe. If they talke of *lacing*, I were best looke about my selfe.

Ruffe. Darest thou meet me in the field?

Band. In the field? why? thou art but an *efminate* fellow, *Ruffe*, for all thou art so well *set*: but at what weapon?

Ruffe. Nay, I will giue thee that aduantage, bring thou what weapons thou wilt, I scorne to make any thing of thee, *Band*, but *needle-worke*.

Band. Sfoot, thou shalt know, a Gentleman and a Souldier scornes thy proffer.

Ruffe. A Souldier?

Cuffe. Did you not heare of the great *Bands* went ouer of late?

Ruffe. Where did you *serue*? in the Lowe Countries?

Cuffe. It may be so, for I am sure he is a *Holland* *Band*.

Band. Where I haue *serued*, it is no matter: but I am sure I haue beenc *pressed* oft.

Cuffe. Truly, his *Landresse* will beare him witnessse thercof.

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Ruff. *Presse mee no pressings*: Ile make you know that *Ruffe* is *steeled* to the backe, if I had my *sticke* here, you should feele it.

Band. Nay, bragger, it is not your great words can carie it away so; giue *Band* but a *hemme*, and hee will be for you at any time, name the place, the time and houre of our meeting.

Ruffe. The place, the *Paper-mills*, where I wil teare thee into *Rags*, before I haue done with thee: the time, to morrow in the after-noonne about one: but doe you heare? wee will fight *single*, you shall not be *double*, *Band*.

Cuffe. Now I perceiue, the *Spaniard* and the *Hollander* will to it roundly.

Ruffe. But doe you heare? once more doe not say at our next meeting you forgot the time.

Cuffe. No, I dare warrant you, there is no man more carefull of the time then he: for I am sure he hath alwayes at the least a dozen *Clockes* about him.

Ruffe. Farewell then.

Band. Then farewell.

Cuffe. Nay, you shall not part so, you will go into the fieldes, and know not what fighting meanes: a couple of *white lured* fellowes, your *Landresse* will make you both as *white* as a *clout* if shee list; If you lacke *beating*, shee'l *beate* you, Ile warrant you, shee'l so *clap* your sides together, that they shall bee *beaten* out in once or twice

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twice hādling; why? I haue known her leaue her
markes behinde her a whole weeke after, sheell
quickly beate you *Blacke* and *Blew*, for I am
sure shee'll scarce *wash white* before shee *sarch*.

Band. Well, remember the time and place,
Ruffe.

Cuffe. Well, remember your selues and Mi-
stris *Stitchwel*, one to whom you haue beene
both beholding in your dayes.

Band. Who? Mistris *Stitchwel*, by this light
I know her not.

Cuffe. No, nor you neither?

Ruffe. Nor I, I sweare by all the *Gumme* and
Blew-sarch in Christendome.

Cuffe. I thought so, why its the *Sempster*, one
that both you had beene *undone*, had it not
bene for her: but what talke I of your *undoing*?
I say Mistris *Stitchwel* the *Sempster* was the very
maker of you both, yet thus little doe you re-
gard her: but it is the common custome of you
all, when you come to bee so great as you are,
you forget from what house you come.

Ruffe. Sfoote, *Ruffe* careth not a *pinne* for
her.

Band. Nor *Band* a *button*.

Cuffe. Well, *Band* and *Ruffe*, you were best
both of you to take heede of her, you knowe
shee *set* you both in the *Stockes* once before,
and if shee catch you againe, it is a hundreth to

C

one,

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one, if she *hang* you not both vp, for she hath got *strings* already.

Ruffe. Meet me, if thou darest.

Band. The place the *Paper-mills*, the howe to morrow at one.

Cuffe. Since you will goe, goe; but heare me, if you goe, looke at me well; as little a fellow as I am, I will come and *Cuffe* you both out of the fields; if I doe not, say, *Cuffe* is no man of his *hands*.

Ruffe. Alas poore shrimpe, thou art nothing in my *hands*.

Cuffe. If you goe, you shall never say that *Cuffe* came of a *steenelesse* errand: Ile *binde* your *hands* (I warrant you) for striking.

Band. Say and hold.

Ruffe. Remember the *Paper-mills*.

Cuffe. And you bee so chollericke, Ile euen *pinne* you both in, as soone as I come home: can you not decide the quarrell betweene your selues without a field? I had thought you had beene a little more milde, *Ruffe*. You were a horrible *Puritane* the other day, and very *pre-cise*, *Ruffe*.

Ruffe. Hang him, base Rascall: would he not make any man mad, to see such a——that durst not (scarce) peepe out, before *Collar* came to Towne, now to swagger thus?

Cuffe. Come, you shall be friends, *Band*.

Band.

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Band. Friends with him? such a base Rascall? he is a very *threed-bare* fellow: I scorne, but my man *Collar* should goe as well as hee every day in the weeke, and be friends with him.

Ruffe. Thy man, *Collar*? thy *Master*, thou wouldst haue said, I am sure hee is thy *upholder*.

Cuffe. Nay, surely he is his *Master*, at least his *Maker*: for *Bands* make *rags*; *Rags* make *Paper*, *Paper* makes *Past-board*, and *Past-board* makes *Collar*; and I thinke that this is a *stiffe argument* that he is his *Master*.

Ruffe. Well, be he what he will, if I catch his *Collar*, Ile cut him in *iags*, let me but claspe him, and Ile make him for stirring.

Cuffe. But you shall not. Haue you not Friends and Neighbours ynow to end this controuerisie, but you must goe into the fields, and there cut the *threed* of your liues? wee'l haue none of that: come choose you an *Vmpire*, *Band*, for it shall be so.

Band. Since you will force me to it, if *Ruffe* be content, I am willing.

Cuffe. *Ruffe*, you shall be content.

Ruffe. If I shall, then I must, let him name him.

Band. If I may choose, Ile haue *Master Handkerchiefe*.

Cuffe. Nay, stay there, he is a most filthy *Sni-*

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veling fellow, & a notable lawyer; he will wipe your *Nose* of all, if you put the *case* to him: but what say you to *Shirt*?

Ruffe. He is a *shifting* knave, and one, to whom *Band*, a little before hath beene much *beholding*. Why, they were *ioyned* a long time together in friendship.

Cuffe. Why, then goe to Master *Cap*, the *headman* of the Towne.

Band. No, I denie that, he is a very bad Iustice, you may haue him *wrought* on any *side* for monie.

Ruffe. Ile tell you what, then we will goe to my Lord *Corpus* himselſe.

Band. He is not in Towne.

Ruffe. He is, for I saw *Sosk*, his chiefe Foote-man heere yesterday.

Cuffe. Heer's adoe with you, and my Lord *Corpus*, indeed, I would you were both hanged about his necke for me. But I see, this strife will neuer be ended, til I be Arbitrator my selfe, you know, I am equally allied to you both: shall I be Moderator betweene you?

Band and Ruffe. Content.

Cuffe. Well then, thus I pronounce. *Ruffe* shall be most accounted of amongst the *Clergie*, for he is the grauer Fellow. (Although I know, the *Puritans* will not greatly care for him, hee hath such a deale of *setting*, and they loue *standing*

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ding better.) As for you, *Band*, you shall bee most made of amongst the young *Gallants* (although sometimes they shall vse *Ruffe*, for a *fashion*, but not otherwise;) how euer, you neede not regard the giddie headed multitude, let them doe as they list, sometimes respecting one, sometimes the other: but when you come to the *Counsaillers*, and men of *Law*, which know right from wrong, acknowledging both your *Worths* to be equall, they shall preferre neither, but vse the kindnesse of you both, wearing both a *Band* and a *Ruffe*; how say you, are you both content?

Band and Ruffe. We are.

Ruffe. Then goe before me to the next *Taurne*, and Ile follow after with a *Band* of your friendship drawne, which I hope these Gentlemen will *seale* with their *hands*.

Exeunt Band and Ruffe.

Cuffe. Claw me, and Ile claw thee, the proverbe goes, Let it be true in that our Muse here shoes, *Cuffe* graceth *band*, *Cuffes* debtors *hands* remaine, Let *hands* clap me, and Ile *Cuffe* them againe.

Exit Cuffe.

FINIS.